

WHAT THE CENSUS TELLS.

What does the census say?
Study the figures well:
Hundreds of thousands of hurrying men,
Each with a story to tell;
Each with a heart and each with a soul,
Each with his joys or cares,
Each believing that he, somehow,
Should weigh in the world's affairs.

What does the census show?
Hundreds of thousands of men
Warily quitting their tasks to-night
To toil to-morrow again;
Hundreds of thousands of people, each
Faithfully hoping away
For a glimpse of the chance for the lucky
Strike
That each is to make, some day.

What does the census tell?
Does it tell of the eyes that ache?
Does it tell of the wreath on the little
Mound
Does it tell of the hearts that break?
Does it tell us a story of brotherhood,
Of help for the halt and blind?
Does it tell of the proud who ride in front
And the weary who trudge behind?

What does the census show?
Hundreds of thousands of hands,
Knotted and rough and white and soft,
Filling the world's demands;
Hundreds of thousands of sons of God
Tolling in hope, in doubt,
Each with his woes or each with his joys
That the world cares nothing about!

What does the census say?
What do the figures mean?
Hundreds of thousands o'er whom the
stars
Will some day be growing green!
Hundreds of thousands of bubbles cast
About on a troubled sea—
Men in myriads hurrying past
With never a thought of me!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A PRECIOUS TRUST

THE firm of Twist & Taffeta was progressive—consequently considerate. So, it being July, Will Merrill got off at one o'clock on Saturdays. So did Iona Wray, who was in the mail order department, and who frequently came to him, in his position as manager of the cloth department, to match samples or order goods. On one of these occasions he discovered that Iona lived in the same suburb as he did. He found out, too, that they generally went out of the city at the same hour, on the same train. On learning which his spirits rose like a toy balloon. To be sure, Iona was a pretty girl. She possessed not only beauty, but distinction. She held her slender young body so erectly, she spoke so frankly, but also with such dignified reserve, and she was so earnest and so conscientious in doing the work intrusted to her that Will Merrill forgot while in her presence to give the firm his best duty and attention.

But, then, Merrill was extremely susceptible. If he had not been so susceptible it is quite unlikely that he would have been confided with a precious trust. And if he had not been selected for the honor conferred upon him he and Iona might never have proceeded beyond the boundaries where the courtesies of casual acquaintance cease. Indeed, she did not feel sufficiently familiar with him to mention the fact of her intention to stay an hour later in town than usual on one particular afternoon, although she had come down to Merrill that morning for six yards of lavender broadcloth to be sent to a lady living in Arizona.

"Hot day," remarked Merrill. "It will be fine to get away early."
"Delightful!" assented Iona.

But she did not enter the Northwestern depot at her ordinary hour, although Will paced up and down just without the railing, and watched the great gates until his train had come and gone. Surely she would be here before the next train was due to leave. The thought of sitting beside her as the train rushed out of the smoky city into the beautiful green suburbs was delightful. He might even get up courage to ask to call! And if permitted to do so, how kind he would be to Bobby—if only Bobby would keep still about their little altercation. Bobby had stretched a string across the sidewalk. Merrill, running for the train, had fallen over it and skinned his shins. Observing the culprit, he had promptly grabbed him and given him chastisement brief but effective. Confound it! How was he to know that the little red-headed wretch was the brother of this charming girl? He would fall over strings all the way from Melrose to State streets, if only—

"I beg your pardon, madam!"
His hat was in his hand and he was bowing profoundly to a lady with whom he had almost collided when he had turned so abruptly in his impetuous walk.

"Do not mention it!" cried the lady, who was young and pale and of almost tragic appearance. She was handsome, too, but evidently grief was responsible for the wild expression of her large black eyes and the piteous trembling of her lips. She wore deep mourning. She was apparently a foreigner. "But you will help me, sir? I am in desperation. Two hours from now I take a train to the west. I came down here to make arrangements for leaving. At my hotel I forgot some important papers. I must return at once and secure them. In the meantime may I beg of you to undertake the care of my darling Snowflower? It is a precious trust and one which I would not confide to every stranger. Is this asking too much, sir?"

Merrill, the susceptible, Merrill the gallant, bowed still more courteously. "I am honored," he assured her, "highly honored! Consider me at your service!"

He felt jubilant. This was an opportunity. Now, when Iona Wray arrived, she would see with what gentleness, with what tenderness he cared for this child of a stranger! She would appreciate all the lovely depths of his sympathy! She would be incredulous of the statements of that red-headed Bobby! She might even think Bobby deserved corporal reproof. And, when she passed through the gates alone, what a lingering glance would she not

send back to him where he sat caring for the child of a lonely young widow! He would smile sadly in answer, and she would realize that it was only his sense of chivalry which kept him from her side. And all the way out she—
So deep was he in the delicious dream he did not perceive the return of the black-eyed stranger until she was close beside him.

"You are so kind! I shall now feel perfectly safe about my little darling. I shall soon be back!"

Then she disappeared, and Merrill found himself staring down upon the big, covered basket she had thrust in his hand. Hallo! What kind of a game was this? Her darling Snowflower! Her precious trust! Was the child in the basket? Was the child dead? Was he to be involved in an ugly mystery? His face blanched. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He could feel it trickling down his cheeks. He glared wildly around. He sank weakly down on the bench, never relaxing his grip of the heavy basket. Should he cut for it and run? Wouldn't that arouse suspicion? Or—merciful heavens! Here was Iona Wray now—coming directly towards him, and looking sweet as a rose in her thin summer gown and big leghorn hat. He was wildly anxious that she should not see him, but she did. She paused in some astonishment. "Are you ill?" she asked. "I have never seen you appear so—" she hesitated for a word—"so disturbed," she concluded.

He staggered to his feet, still holding hard the handle of the basket in his left hand and jerking off his hat with his right.

"No—no! I'm all right—at least—"
Here something in the basket moved. He glanced down in a panic. Iona's bewildered gaze followed him. Did that contain the mystery of his pallor, his excitement, his distracted air?

"It's—it's alive!" he said, in a blood-curdling whisper.

He hastily set the basket down and drew back.

"What's alive?" gasped Iona.

"Her darling Snowflower—the child!" he panted.

"The child!" repeated Iona, with a shriek. "A baby in that basket!"

Her cry attracted the attention of the people hurrying for the trains. Many paused. A crowd gathered—augmented.

"Here—here!" cried a portly policeman hastening up. "What's all this about?"

"It's a child!" "It's a baby!" "It's tied in that basket!" "Here's a loop-hole for air!" "Who does it belong to?" "The man was abducting it!"

The cries increased in number. Exclamations of horror resounded. A couple of railway officials passed through the throng. And meantime the basket rocked away on the bench in an uncanny fashion that sent shivers down the back of the least imaginative.

"I don't know anything about it!" protested Merrill in an agonized wail. "A lady gave it to me to hold until her return. I—"

Lowering looks met his. A threatening growl arose.

"That's all right, sir!" grunted out a man apparently panopied with authority. "We'll attend to you. Officer, keep your eye on this fellow! I am going to open this basket."

He whipped out a knife—bent down. The curious crowd pressed closer. Not one of that breathless mob moved as the knife snipped—snipped along the fast lines. Suddenly the lid was jerked upward. There was a cry from the basket—not the cry of a child. It was a yelp. A woolly white poodle poked out his head and looked inquisitively around.

The howl that went up from the observers caused the hurrying suburbanites on the iron staircase to stand aghast. The big policeman burst into a howl. He took his hand from Merrill's arm. Iona laughed through her frightened tears. And, just when the hubbub was at its height, a frantic woman burst through the throng. She ploved her way to the bench, to the basket, her black eyes flashing fire.

"You are a fine gentleman to trust!" she screamed. She had turned on Merrill in a fury. "Letting those horrid railroad men see my Snowflower! Now, they will not allow me to take him in the passenger car! And I shall not have my beautiful little love shut up in the baggage car! I gave him the tiniest whiff of choleraform to keep him quiet until we should have started. I went away to get a trifle more. He would have slept the whole way! But you—you impostor! You have betrayed me! You have abused my confidence!" She stormed away at a wonderful rate. "O, my precious pet!" she wailed at last, catching the drowsy canine to her bosom, "it's astonishing that he didn't try to steal you!"

"I—I didn't know it was a dog!" protested Merrill, weakly. She flung fiercely around. "What did you think it was?" she demanded.

Whereat the crowd roared again.

"Oak Park train—a-l a-b-o-a-r-d!" bawled the starter.

Merrill and Miss Wray sat together all the way out. They laughed immoderately. He was assured he might call. He did—in fact, he is still calling. To be explicit, there is a rumor that—but this may be gossip. Anyhow, the girls in the mail order department smile when Iona's work takes her to the cloth goods aisle. And Will's fellow-workers are gazing him for taking down Navajo blue when she asked for sunburnt rose. At all events, these young people seem to be happy together on their free Saturday afternoons. Best of all, Bobby, by some mysterious process, has been conciliated. As a chaperon, self-satisfied, ubiquitous and decidedly superfluous, he merits commendation, and gets nickels, dimes, and sometimes even—quarters.—Chicago Tribune.

Cat That Kills Snakes.

There is a yellow tom cat in Marietta, Ga., that kills snakes for a specialty.

The Peppermint.

A pessimist is a person who believes in a hoodoo.—Chicago Daily News.

Costly Peaches in Paris.

An American's Experience Taught Him That Fruit Is Costly Sometimes.

He is not so very young, neither is he without experience in the ways of the world. He has been more or less of a rounder and the patches of gray above his temples indicate that he is no longer a boy. The fact that he is a successful buyer for one of the largest retail houses in the city ought to be evidence that he is not without both shrewdness and experience.

After some ten or a dozen trips abroad in the interest of his business, his friends say that he ought to have known better. But that only adds zest to the telling of the story and they have told it often enough to necessitate his paying for a good many "rounds" since his return from Paris a few days ago. For he admits, a little sorrowfully, perhaps, that it's "on him."

It happened one hot night less than a month ago. He had knocked off work early in the afternoon, spent a couple of hours at the exposition, and later dropped into an empty chair at one of the many sidewalk cafes in the gay French city.

It may have been by accident, or it may have been by design, that his chair was in close proximity to two occupied by a couple of demure-looking girls of English aspect. It is certain, at least, that they spoke English, whatever their nationality. He says that he was lonely; the demure ones seemed similarly depressed. Shy glances were followed by sympathetic sighs, and, as a matter of course, conversation ensued. It was the most harmless thing in the world. So, too, was his invitation to them to partake of some refreshment.

"We're just waiting for papa," lisped one of the girls, and the other said that they couldn't think of accepting such courtesy from a stranger.

He insisted; they resisted, then consented.

"I'm not the least little bit hungry," said demure Miss One. "Neither am I," echoed bashful Miss Two.

A waiter was at their elbows.

COSTLY PEACHES IN PARIS.

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"What will you have?" asked the gallant New York man, and when one of them said she thought a peach would be about all she could eat, the other agreed that it would be "so nice."

The man congratulated himself on the modesty of their demands. He had yet to learn a thing or two about the cost of the fresh fruit in Paris. He insisted that they must have sandwiches, too, and a moment later the waiter served the order. Six luscious peaches reposed on the plate. Each of the girls took one. Their appetites were truly small, but while they munched sandwiches they playfully toyed with the remaining four peaches. In fact, they pierced them with their forks and gouged them with their knives. The fruit was a complete wreck.

Then one of the maidens remembered papa, and suggested that they go look for him. With pretty bows and thanks galore they left, just as the waiter presented the bill. When the New York man cast his eye over the paper he read something like this:

Three sandwiches at 2 francs each..... 6fr
Six peaches at 20 francs each..... 120fr

He paid the bill, \$25.20, and has been wondering ever since if fruit farming for the Paris market will not pay better than his business. Since his return he has learned that demure girls in Paris sometimes draw commissions for gouging peaches, a bit overripe, to please Americans who are more than a bit green.—N. Y. Times.

Health in Mountain Air.

Many Bodily Ailments Are Mitigated by the Breathing of Pure Oxygen.

It is well known that the chemical composition of the atmosphere differs but little, if at all, wherever the sample be taken; whether it be on the high Alps or on the surface of the sea, the relation of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one. The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground and some 100 feet above it microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places not only does the microbe impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also, says the London Lancet.

Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But all the same these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking as impurities, since they are not apparently necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached, until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps we should add argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life, damp and vegetation.

The Pessimist.

A pessimist is a person who believes in a hoodoo.—Chicago Daily News.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

EAST BOUND.
Lv Louisville . . . 8:00am 6:00pm
Ar Lexington . . . 11:00am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington . . . 11:00am 8:40pm
Lv Winchester . . . 11:50am 9:15pm
Ar Mt. Sterling . . . 12:25pm 9:45pm
Ar Washington . . . 6:50am 2:40pm
Ar Philadelphia . . . 10:15am 7:00pm
Ar New York . . . 12:40pm 9:00pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar Winchester . . . 7:57am 4:58pm 2:45pm
Ar Lexington . . . 8:12am 5:10pm 7:00am 3:30pm
Ar Frankfort . . . 9:09am 6:14pm
Ar Shelbyville . . . 10:01am 7:00pm
Ar Louisville . . . 11:00am 8:00pm

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

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